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NEWS & VIEWS

Lip-Service on Ecology

"It is literally now or never," Richard Nixon exclaimed last Jan. 1 in pledging to make the '70s the decade in which America pays its debt to the past by turning over a new leaf on conservation.

Well, it's a long, long time from January to December—so long, in fact, that there's virtually nothing left of pious New Year resolves, Nixon's included.

Bit by bit promise has been compromised, so that Mr. Nixon is rendered as indifferent as any past president on ecological issues.

His is not even an indifference of another sort. It's the same old stuff. Lip-service paid nature, some minor environmental programs, but ecology forever secondary to business and the economy.

Thus, when oil interests growl loudly over the restrictive proclivities of the Secretary of the Interior, it's time to act on accumulated grievances. Walter Hickel gets canned on Thanksgiving eve.

Thus, when automobile interests growl loudly over a 1975 deadline for eliminating exhaust emissions by 90 percent, it's time to back away from deadlines. Nixon did his backing Nov. 18.

The SST is more of the same. Industry cries murder over Senate rejection of $290 million for continued development, and Nixon plays dead to yet another conservation principle. The SST is to be saved at all costs.

It figures. The SST is 150,000 jobs and a market expected to be worth $125 billion by 1990. Concern over noise levels, sonic booms and an unbalancing of the planet's atmosphere can't compete with that—not in a value system which measures good in terms of the here and now.

And that's the way it's going to be throughout this Administration; you can bet on it. The signs are too strong for things to be otherwise, all the resolves and the new conservation agencies notwithstanding.

Ecology, in other words, is a sweet and lovely cause, but it better keep the hell out of the way of the economy.

The Congars Are Gone

An *Informations Catholiques Internationales* study of religious publishing in France reveals a situation akin to that which exists in the U.S.: an industry in deep economic and intellectual crisis.

Curiously, many new titles are appearing—1449 in 1969, compared with 795 in 1961—but many fewer are selling well.

The reasons are several: declining interest in religion; a lack of successors to writers like Chenu, Congar, de Lubac; a tardiness on the part of publishers to grasp that old topics (spirituality, asceticism, prayer, dogmatics, lives of saints) had been replaced by new interests (ecumenics, sexual morality, ethics, science).

Also, like P. J. Kenedy in the U.S., not a few French publishers face the threat of being dragged under by missals, catechisms, breviaries and altar missals. The stables of yesterday are the millstones of today even there.

The religious publishing situation in France is not beyond redemption, in *Informations'* opinion, but it says that publishers must respond to three imperatives: service of the church, the sponsorship of research, and an awareness of the debates current among the people of God.

This isn't seen as a single-edged challenge. The church, too, must respond, a point which *Informations* posits by asking the question: Is the church in France "ready to relaunch intellectual research, raise up authors, foster the promotion of a new public, young and curious, encourage creative ferment—in short, to take into consideration that she also has the task of making a genuine investment in grey matter?"

After SALT, What?

Do the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) mean all we think they do in terms of world peace?

Not if post-SALT U.S. policy is what the *New York Times'* Hedrick Smith says it will be.

If the arms talks in Helsinki and later in Vienna succeed, Smith writes, any saving from the Defense Department's $8 billion-a-year budget for strategic arms "will be diverted into the development and production of new offensive weapons systems."

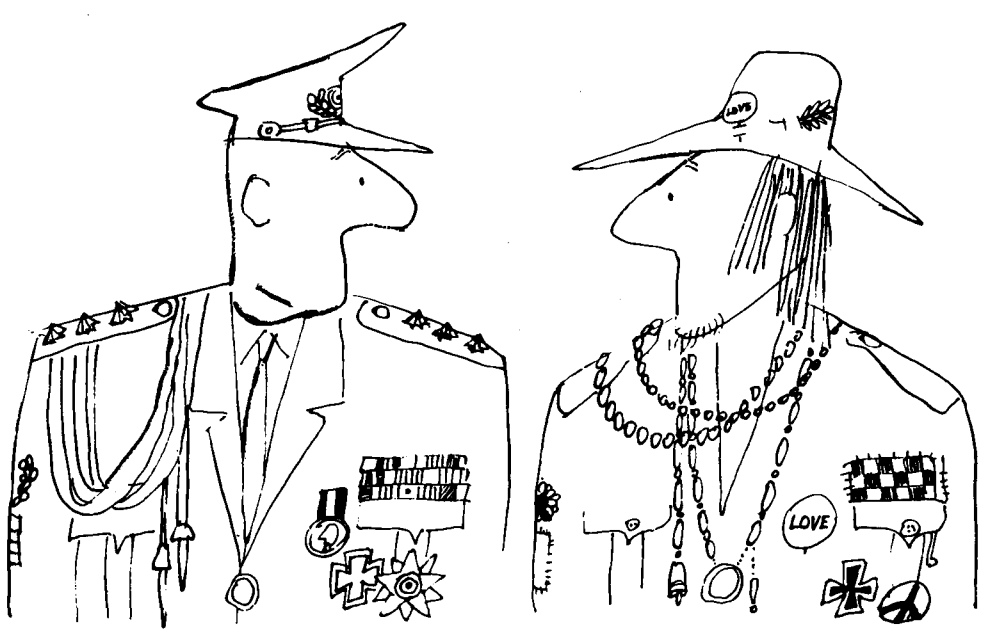
The expectation is attributed to "high Administration officials."

Unhappy prospect, isn't it. Yet we can't say we weren't warned. The Federation of American Scientists charged in November that SALT was a "sham," as it would only accelerate the arms race in other directions. Hedrick Smith's story lends strength to the Federation charge.

Odds and Ends

—*La Religion,* Caracas daily, allows some details of a News & Views report on Venezuela [11/13/70], but rebuts the notion that the Caldera Government is repressing progressives among the clergy. The paper said *Commonweal's* sources were "questionable" and added that its and other data "seem a well-orchestrated part of an international campaign that does not hestitate to use calumny and lies."

—Italy's rumor mills have decided not only that Pope Paul will retire but where. It's either to Maria Laach in West Germany or Engelberg Abbey in Switzerland. It's to occur within a year or a year-and-a-half at most. JOHN DEEDY



Joke, *De Nieuwe Gazet,* Antwerp

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CORRESPONDENCE

Funding Aphrodisiacs

Bellflower, Calif.

To the Editors: There's one problem in the National Sex and Drug Forum approach to sex education which is not mentioned by either Robert Miller or Phil Tracy [Nov. 20]. It is that porno presents an unreal sex world where men are always potent and women are always sexually aroused, willing and eager for any sort of sexual activity.

In real life the situation is sadly different, partly because men and women, brain-washed by contemporary culture, think of sexual experience as a male conquest in which women are cajoled into "bestowing their favors" and the man "receives" or "takes." This is also the source of all the nonsense about women as "sex objects." No sexually aroused or even interested woman would ever express such a complaint, and men would be delighted to be so considered.

The ideal is for both men and women to delight in sex as the most intimate of shared experiences, at once completely animal and completely transcendent. As an assist, couples might find mutual excursions into pornography helpful, at least temporarily. The findings of the President's Commission on Pornography seem to support this. And again, maybe we should urge that some substantial federal funds be used for research to discover and develop some good aphrodisiac. With more sexually active and sexually satisfied people, we wouldn't have so many "law and order" problems, many of which—both in the home and elsewhere—are undoubtedly due to sexual frustration.

FELIX DOHERTY

In Defense of Doyle

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: John Deedy's "News & Views" comment (October 2, 1970) about C.P.A. Executive Director James

(Continued on page 333)

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A PROPOSAL FOR NEXT CHRISTMAS

Pope Paul is back in the Vatican, safe and presumably healthy after the longest of his nine trips outside Italy and the furthest any successor to Peter has ventured from the traditional Western seat of the papacy. The visit to Southeast Asia, Polynesia and Australia—a rigorous 30,000 miles and nine countries in 10 days—is appraised enthusiastically by the Vatican, but it is doubtful the trip was all the success some spokesmen say it was. Discounting entirely the unfortunate incident at Manila Airport, when an attempt was made on the Pope's life, crowds frequently were limited and impact suffered, notably in Hong Kong and Australia, where local political considerations dictated a restraint in papal statements reducing them below already restrained Vatican formulae. The net effect was to make the latest papal trip even more symbolic than such trips tend to be.

This is not said to demean papal intention and effort. The idea of taking the papacy to the people is, in this age of travel, an imaginative application of the church's catholicity. The question is whether, as papal trips become more common and thus more dependent for their significance on substance over gesture, the trips as conceived are not losing a large part of their value. The latest trip, for instance, packed so much into 10 days as to take on aspects of an American Express tour, one of those 17-countries-in-21-days sort of things which is neither favor nor benefit for the visitor or the visited. The temptation with all travelers is to jam too much into too little time; unresisted, the impulse is as defeating for pope as much as for the woman-in-walking shoes from Dubuque.

Of course, the Pope's situation is difficult and almost infinitely complex —not only because of his enormous presence, but also, as *Le Monde* so delicately worded it, because of the ambiguity arising from his double role as "fisher of men" and head of state. "Security measures, whose justification was borne out by the incident at Manila, plus the demands of protocol deprive his message of its full spiritual weight." *Le Monde* commented. "It is not easy to comfort and strengthen the faithful in their political struggle while at the same time respecting international courtesy." *Le Monde's* point is underscored by the revisions which Pope Paul's Hong Kong speech had to undergo because of possible complications connected with addressing merely a spiritual message to the Chinese people from the British crown colony. In the end Pope Paul had to content himself with a generalized greeting to "all the Chinese people, wherever they may be."

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It goes without saying that religion loses when the person who is the personification of so much of Christ's church must let diplomatic niceties take precedence over spiritual leadership.

All of which is not to suggest that the Pope should never travel as head of state. One can think of circumstances in which the political papacy would be specially advantageous—in trips behind the Iron Curtain, most particularly. It is well known, for example, that the Pope would like to visit Poland and Yugoslavia; the political dimension of the papacy would enable Communist authorities in both countries to allow under diplomatic headings what otherwise might be impossible were the Pope solely a religious personality.

On the other hand, there is the rest of the world, the world that the Pope has made his venue, and where he and his successors will likely do the bulk of their journeying in the foreseeable future. It is in this world that the trappings of political protocol invert the meaning and purpose of papal trips and, in the process, diminish the papacy itself. It is in travels in this world that adjustments must be made.

It will never be possible, unfortunately, for the Pope to travel as inconspicuously as he might wish and as hopes for broader results would seem to necessitate. But he easily could travel less politically, less ceremoniously, and, by so doing, expect to get closer to people, physically and emotionally. It would also help if papal trips were so arranged that they gave the Pope greater time to be with and among the people he has gone out of his way to know better. The Pope should be able to stay in one place, among one people, for however long it takes to reach them and grasp their problems, whether this be a matter of days, weeks or months.

Likewise it would add impressive depths to the church's own concepts of its universality and its missionary character if papal visits were to coincide with important church feasts—Easter, for instance, or, better yet, Christmas.

Christmas is a time when one speaks of love and being at one with the world. What new meaning the Pope could infuse into both notions if next year or some later Christmas he were to be one with the world, in love and in prayer, not in splendrous St. Peter's, but in some anonymous parish church in some far-away corner of the world. It would seem the ideal act for one who is both priest and apostle.

Christmas Schedule

In accordance with our usual practice, *Commonweal* will omit one issue during Christmas season. The next issue will be dated January 8. To all our readers, we extend best wishes for a happy and holy Christmas. THE EDITORS

Now You See a Leftist, Now You Don't

One of the most fertile Hegelian ideas is that of History as Reason. Under this light, the three *coups d'état* that swiftly followed one another in Bolivia October 6 and 7 are not just an irrational convulsion of an underdeveloped country. Contrary to a widespread misrepresentation, underdevelopment is not a natural stage in the growth of peoples but a state of stagnation rooted in factors alien to the true social and economic structures of a country. Underdevelopment had its sources in colonial rule, that distorted the colony's socio-economic infrastructure in behalf of the Metropolis, and is now nourished by the characteristics of international trade which deals with Westernized local elites indifferent to the needs and welfare of the majority. Professor Merle Kling, of Washington University in St. Louis, in a now classic essay on Latin American political instability, defined it as the struggle between groups of interests whose shifts in power do not produce basic changes. Therefore it is not surprising that Bolivia is one of the most politically unstable countries of the world: while 63 percent of the population is Amerindian, doesn't speak Spanish and is marginated from the money economy, mining and petroleum produce nearly 80 percent of the total export earnings.

Variations on this theme can be found throughout the Third World. That's why the common identification of the expression "*coup d'état*" with the word "revolution" is only apparently erroneous: etymologically the second means a complete circuit about an axis. The 1952 Bolivian Revolution, considered a "true revolution" by conventional academic wisdom, fully illustrates the concept. An alliance between the "leftist nationalist" middle classes and organized mine workers, the *Movimiento Nacionalista Revolucionario* (MNR) had as its main goal to nationalize the great tin mines, owned by three men. That is, the transference of the export trade wealth from an oligarchy to a larger but nevertheless restricted elite, the urban middle classes. The sweeping agrarian reform that followed was less an integral part of the revolution than a (hasty) response to a threatening peasant revolt. The great achievement of the 1952 Revolution, by no means a minor one, was to give the Indians, until then in servitude *à la* South Africa, consciousness of their right to citizenship with its inherent benefits. The relations between the urban and the agrarian sectors continue to be, however, those of "internal colonialism."

Engaged as the MNR was in the struggle against a steady fall of international tin prices, it was but too easy for General Barrientos to stage his 1964 coup. The deteriorating economy, corruption and repression had already made President Victor Paz widely unpopular with

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his very supporters, the urban middle classes, while an internal struggle for power with Juan Lechín—the labor leader who had delivered to him the support of the miners—had alienated his second source of strength. In order to fill a political vacuum, Paz had to accept Barrientos on his 1964 ticket as the price of the Army's support. Of course, the Vice-Presidency was not enough for Barrientos, an ambitious and reckless young man, and he seized the occasion when shortly after the 1964 election riots inflamed the cities and mining centers. One of the reasons of the failure of "Che" Guevara in Bolivia is the actual popularity that thereupon Barrientos enjoyed in the more prosperous areas of the country (as is the Oriental province where "Che" launched his guerrilla). He got it ruthlessly "reorganizing" the mining industry, whose main ill was over-staffing (for obvious political reasons)—via several massacres. His key move was to replace the miners' avoirdupois with that of the peasants of his native region, Cochabamba, who loved him because he could speak Quecha: he could communicate with them! He didn't do much more.

Just what could have happened if Barrientos had not died in an air crash is a speculative matter. Yet it is safe to say that his former "co-President," General Ovando, would have ended up opposing him in the 1970 election. Ovando, unlike Barrientos, was a barracks-officer, skillful in intrigues, and would have had a chance. The only alternative he could offer was a leftward, "nationalist" stand, and he did so—inspired by the Peruvian success—when his succession to President Siles Salinas was threatened by the popularity of another general.

Ovando's position after the September 1969 coup was precarious. He was not popular and his only commendation to power was his Army rank. Although the first concrete point of his program was intended to bribe the miners, he knew how shaky would be an administration with that basis, for he shared heavy responsibilities in the massacres. It is then that he played the Gulf ex-

Catholic Segregation: It's Almost 1954

On June 24, 1970 a suit was filed against the Lafayette Diocesan School Board and the school boards of two Catholic schools in Opelousas, Louisiana, which have traditionally operated separate schools for Negro and white students. It is perhaps one of the few times that United States Catholics have brought their problems with the church structure into a civil court.

In the face of public school integration in 1969 in Opelousas not only did Catholics keep their dual schools but there was considerable transferring by white students from integrated public schools to the segregated Catholic schools. The Academy of the Immaculate Conception had a 22 percent increase in the enrollment from 1,007 to 1,232 in 1969-70. Attempts to deal with the situation by the local school boards were not successful. The Holy Ghost School Board sought the pairing of the schools while the representatives of the Academy suggested hiring one black teacher now and continuing further discussion. A compromise solution was passed providing for at least faculty integration by next year. This plan was vetoed by the bishop as going too far. Eighteen black parents of children at Holy Ghost, scandalized by the continuance of segregation in Catholic schools, finally decided that the situation was so bad that they would go to the courts to seek their rights, having been denied them so long by church authorities. The suit seeks the immediate pairing of these Catholic schools which are located less than 300 yards apart. The Committee for Integrated Catholic Schools is sponsoring the suit for the plaintiffs. The United States Catholic Conference has retained the services of Shea and Gardner of Washington, D. C., to handle the case of the defendants.

The action has had interesting results. The bishop rescinded his veto and ordered all dual school situations in the Lafayette Diocese abolished by 1972. The judge ordered proceedings held up until certain desegregation cases before the U.S. and Louisiana Supreme Courts are decided. Meanwhile, HEW has been ordered by the court to make a prompt investigation in view of the indications of obvious failure by Holy Ghost and AIC to comply with government requirements for federal aid. But according to the parents these actions do not result in immediate integration of the schools. The Lafayette Diocese has been making such pronouncements and signing contracts with the government promising integrated education for years with no results. The plaintiffs believe a court order is required if any meaningful changes are to occur. The ruling to stay proceedings is being appealed.

The Committee for Integrated Catholic Schools, based in Washington, D. C., has looked further into Louisiana Catholic schools and found the Opelousas situation not to be singular. The Committee is gathering information on how Catholic schools advance or impede the national effort to integrate the country's public schools.

JULIET A. COZZI

(Juliet A. Cozzi, R.S.C.J., is a 1970-71 Washington Intern in Education. Her sponsoring agency is the Committee for Integrated Catholic Schools.)

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propriation ace. Oil, although it caused a shameful war between Bolivia and Paraguay (or between Standard Oil and Royal Dutch), had been, up to 1966, a negligible factor in the Bolivian economy. Yet, since 1961, it was the most dynamic economic sector, with a five-fold production increase in the period 1961-1968, largely attributable to investments by the Bolivian Gulf Oil Corporation. By 1965 oil exports were still negligible, but in 1968 they made up 17 percent of the total exports and as a result the country showed in 1967 its first surplus on trade account for the past decade. The "nationalist" move was bold—for unlike the tin mines, that in 1952 represented Bolivian-European capital, Gulf represented American capital (US military assistance, that according to the Oxford scholar Alistair Hennesy "provides a high proportion of Bolivia's defense budget," was suspended). Ovando accomplished the move masterfully (military assistance was resumed in January 1970).

Those who advised the resuming of military assistance were correct: Ovando was by no means a "nationalist left" threat. But Ovando's mistake was, ironically, his most ambitious executive action, namely, to get for his cabinet some of the best available minds of Bolivia—all of them left-leaning. (Bolivia's intelligentsia, more than others, has never been able to act according to Plato's idea that public office dishonors a great soul—but Plato couldn't either.) The first to acknowledge Ovando's real stand was, of course, the architect of the Gulf expropriation, Minister of Mines Quiroga Santa Cruz, who in May, vociferously quit the Administration, warning of a "right-wing coup." Ovando had failed to build a popular party (the aborted Revolutionary National Action); in May of this year the Bolivian University Confederation (CUB) and the Bolivian Confederation of Workers (COB), agreed on the point that "Socialism is the only possible system" for the country; the two main popular political forces of the country were against the ambiguity of the Administration. Ovando found himself cornered by the leftist agitation he had himself sparked and the outcry of the conservative wing (a majority) of his source of power, the Army. The crisis became even more acute when new guerrillas were discovered the same month in Teoponte. What is more important: those guerrillas were not of the same kind as "Che's," but had a national Christian-Democrat student leadership. (The pro-Peking Chapare effort, also of recent discovery, is less important as a political factor than for the ideological change it shows in the "Chinese" Latin American Communists.)

The coup came as announced. (Incidentally, the charges by the respected French daily *Le Monde* that the coup was organized by the American Embassy and the Argentinian military regime, with whom General Miranda had close contacts, have not been officially challenged.) But, surprisingly, an immediate counter-coup took place, with the leadership of another "nationalist," General Torres. The point is here that although the threat of a new civil war—in 1952 it took 3,000 lives in four days—was overcome with a Brazilian-style solution, each General assessing his forces, the decisive armed support of the workers and the students was for Torres. Does it mean that we now can expect a true left-wing nationalist regime? It is hard to say.

Torres has participated, with the share of responsibilities that that implies, in the last three Governments. During the period of leftist agitation last May he said that "the Government will by no means allow the implantation of Communism in the country," and although he has not been trained in the U.S. as right-wing General Miranda, he probably feels strongly about it despite later "anti-imperialist" statements.

But words are just that—words. As to the facts, his first official move was to reassure the Gulf Oil Corporation that Ovando's indemnification agreement will be respected, thus burdening the country with more external debts. Moreover, Torres eventually shied away from a "Popular Assembly Government," what might have been a wise measure had other alternatives to check the right-wing forces within the Army been used. But Torres, by refusing to arm the workers, as in 1952, made it clear that he intended to conserve the Army as his chief source of power; a decision enhanced by keeping right-wing officials in high positions.

As to the workers—actually a "privileged" minority among the Indians, the miners—they are being bribed with a wage hike. The students, the third of the four "pillars" of what Torres said his government would be, and the main instrument of his popular rise, are already shifting toward the opposition as the continued activities of the guerrillas indicate. The peasants—his fourth "pillar"—significantly, typically, are utterly ignored. Torres' cabinet is just a pale new version of Ovando's.

The clock has moved backwards and Bolivia is again at the same point it was after Ovando's coup—reform is only a possibility. Only a frightened U.S. reaction—as in the case of Cuba, or Peru—could conceivably make a radical of Torres; but Washington has learned a lesson or is too busy with a more authentic threat in Chile. Torres' seemingly true nationalism, as compared with Ovando's opportunism, excludes him from the "new type of military man" Governor Rockefeller has referred to in his Report on Latin America. But one hundred years before Rockefeller, or for that matter Régis Debray, the French guerrilla theoretician now in prison in Bolivia, the Swiss historian Jacob Burchardt said of the military that "as soon as it is a matter of a threatening revolution, they themselves effect something which passes as the equivalent and concentrates all weapons in their hands."

HUGO ESTENSSORO B.

(Hugo Estenssoro B., a previous contributor, is a New York-based foreign correspondent.)

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Pakistan, East and West, After the Flood

Some observers of the shocking failure of Pakistan's government to mobilize help for flood victims complained that as far as the middle and upper classes of West Pakistan were concerned, the whole thing could have happened in Peru. The reality was worse than that. It could have happened to ants. It is true, of course, that there is little feeling of national identity between the two separate and disparate wings of the country. But for many reasons, in Pakistan, both East and West, the humanitarian impulses which national bourgeoisies are supposed to feel is most conspicuous by its absence. Charity is truly thought to begin (and end) at home. All of life is intensely family-centered. Within the often huge family unit unlimited generosity and self-sacrifice are taken for granted. Somehow a village moral system perseveres in a land anciently urbanized, probably because the ever-present problems of poverty have always seemed so insoluble that people long ago came to focus inward on their own more limited (but still tremendous) personal responsibilities. Therefore in the East as well as the West there was absolutely no sense of emergency or tragedy among the upper classes who continued their shopping for the Eid holiday and participated in almost no volunteer efforts anywhere—although some 20,000 private launches in the East could have been used for immediate distribution of relief goods while helicopters and landing vessels were being sent from other parts of the world. The East talked mostly about what the West wasn't doing. The West spoke of the East's ingratitude. Everybody talked about government agencies and not about people, either those who were dead and dying or those who might have helped.

Nonetheless, a direct snub at East Pakistan was almost certainly intended by the government. Condolences from the political and military leaders were conspicuously lacking. It is well known that a large faction of the army (which is completely dominated by Westerners) would like to be rid of East Pakistan, the sooner the better. The immediate fear is that the East's demand for equal military strength (in unspoken preparation for their eventual and inevitable independence) will grievously cut into the lion's share of the huge defense budget which has traditionally gone to the British-created pseudo-aristocracy of West Pakistan army officers.

The more basic problem is that a genuinely pre-revolutionary situation prevails in East Pakistan. During the overthrow of Ayub Khan two years ago and on many occasions since, both the major Eastern city of Dacca and vast portions of the countryside have been completely out of control of the West Pakistan-led army. And the revolutionary political leadership which was missing then has since emerged—and of course gone underground. Sheik Mujibur Rehman, the pro-American, pro-capitalist but sincerely nationalist leader who now has the majority of seats in the newly elected National Assembly, is the last stop-gap measure before East Pakistan "goes Communist" (or, alternatively, becomes another Vietnam). Economically, between Mujib's demand for a separate Eastern economy and falling jute prices on the world market, the East's function as the jute (and therefore foreign exchange) producing semi-colony of West Pakistan is coming to an end anyway. The instability of the economic and political situation and the extreme militance of the labor force has already resulted in an exodus of West Pakistani capital and capitalists. So nothing much more will be lost if East Pakistan is "let go," while as long as it stays it provides a very provocative example to the much less troublesome populations of the West.

The strong vote in the West for the People's Party of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto (who is, of course, a feudal landlord) reflects the tremendous growth in political consciousness during the past two years. Bhutto staged the first "going-to-the-people" political campaign ever conducted in the country since the popular vote for separation from India more than two decades before. There were People's Party offices and political workers in the tiniest villages. There were mass rallies everywhere with slogans about Islamic socialism and capitalist imperialism (and of course anti-India-ism). Appearing now in the traditional peasant *kourta* and turban, now in the rough grey cloth of the proletariat, Bhutto inspired tremendous devotion among the workers, peasants and small shopkeepers. The large landowners, realizing that the peasants could no longer be trusted to vote according to their local landlord's instruction, began switching from the traditional feudal parties to Bhutto's People's Party. Enthusiasm for the latter dimmed perceptably when Bhutto proceeded to name as his candidates precisely those switched-over landlords. Bhutto defended himself by saying that all parties need money to campaign, and that it was not the "enlightened landlords" (one of whom had just fired on his own peasants during a harvest-time dispute) but the handful of capitalist-barons who were exploiting the people. Pakistan's people are 85 percent peasants and the economy will be for some time largely agrarian. The factory workers' families are also peasants.

In spite of their dawning awareness that Bhutto is not nearly as radical as his Party's slogans, the workers and peasants remained loyal to him at the polls instead of sinking back into their legendary apathy. What is yet to be seen is their capacity for bitter disillusionment when Bhutto and his party take their seats in the new Constituent Assembly.

BARRY STEVENS

(Barry Stevens is the pen name of an American just returned after several years in Pakistan).

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FRANCOIS MAURIAC

IN THE MONTHS SINCE MALTAVERNE WAS PUBLISHED AND SINCE MAURIAC DIED, I HAVE PUZZLED OVER THE SLIGHT ATTENTION PAID THESE EVENTS BY AMERICAN CATHOLICS

JAMES FINN

"A corpse has just died." Thus *L'Humanité* on André Gide when, in 1951, he died at the age of eighty-four. Would anyone dare to say the same of François Mauriac who, at the age of eighty-four, has died in this year of our Lord, 1970? The answer, I fear, is yes. While they lack the malicious wit of *L'Humanité,* there is a large group if people in this country who not many years ago—ten? twelve?—touted Mauriac as one of the greatest living writers, a real craftsman, a man of deep psychological and spiritual insights, a fine Catholic novelist. But when the English translation of *Maltaverne* (Farrar, Straus, $5.95) was published earlier this year these people were able to ignore it completely or, worse, condescend to it as "another Mauriac."

These people, need I say? are, were American Catholics. How can one best account for the sea-change in their attitude? Partly, of course, it is a matter of time. Mauriac *was* an old man who had attained prominence in France in the 1920's, who had been admitted to the French Academy in 1933 and had been awarded the Nobel Prize as long ago as 1952. Although he remained a lively social critic in France, he did not cross the Atlantic very well and few of his wittily expressed views on current affairs gained currency here. (Of present Germany: "I love Germany so much I want to have two of her." Of Sartre's aborted attempt, in support of French Maoists, to provoke his own arrest: "Sartre must resign himself to being inoffensive.") And the kind of novel, the psychological novel, which he had in his own intense style brought to a peak of perfection no longer satisfied those who would push beyond the conventions of personality and narrative structure which that form demanded. Furthermore, each generation seeks its own art forms, its own interpreters, its own artists. In addition . . . but no! The principal reason for the falling market in Mauriac stock is more simply stated.

Mauriac was a great "Catholic novelist," but there has been a great shift in Catholicism in recent years; we are no longer so eager to appropriate, to claim, to elevate all things Catholic. This provincialism is seen for what it is. The days when people spoke of a "Catholic Renaissance"; the days when they united the names of Greene, Waugh, Bernanos, Claudel, Mauriac and others in some great Catholic pantheon; when they debated the ultimate destinies of Scobie, Pinkie and others in subtle theological terms, these days have faded with astonishing rapidity into a past into which only the insensitive probe with comfort. This is to assert what is everywhere obvious, that there is a Catholicism which Mauriac grasped and thoroughly assimilated and of which he was a central ornament, a Catholicism which is dying today and whose resurrection can be anticipated only by ghouls. For a number of years, apparently, Mauriac was too old, too out of it, to attract new and younger readers, and older readers who had once asserted their strong admiration of this Catholic novelist could not apparently sustain their strong interest in the novelist when the distinction "Catholic" lost value.

In the months since *Maltaverne* was published and in the months, fewer in number, since Mauriac died, I have puzzled at my own deep resentment at the relatively slight attention accorded these events by Ameri-

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can Catholics. Since I had long scorned that literary judgment which had at its core a standard of religious orthodoxy, *why* did I resent the sudden sloughing off of these ersatz standards? Surely simple perversity could not carry me quite so far.

The Tides of Change

My reactions, I have discovered, are the result of deep regret at least as much as resentment: regret that the recent changes in Catholicism which have swept aside so much that was obstructive and actually harmful have also dismissed much that was valuable and irreplaceable; resentment that these losses are so little noted, so little felt. To be specific. The United States was never very hospitable to a certain strain of Catholicism and its literary expression. It was not simply the puritanical or Manichean aspects of Mauriac which put American readers off, for America has its own literary tradition of puritanism. But it is a Protestant puritanism, a tradition in which Hawthorne is a central figure, but a tradition which could accommodate, make sense of, a writer like the Calvinist Gide. Not, however, the Pascalian Mauriac, who knew on what side of the wager he was forever committed, the Mauriac who could write: "I knelt down by my bed and wept again, but this time with my forehead against an unseen shoulder. . . . And I knew that a great peace would come over me, and that were I to live a hundred years, and even if all philosophers and learned men were to deny Christ, and even if nobody else was left with Him, I should still be there; not to serve others, like true Christians, not because I love others like myself, but only because I need that buoy so as to keep afloat, to stay on the surface of this atrocious world—so as not to founder."

That quotation is from *Maltaverne,* but it could be from almost any of his works, fiction or non-fiction, and to most American ears it strikes a discordant note. It is the absolute religious certainty, however attended by anguish, that grates on the nerves. That kind of certainty, however ingeniously it is imported into literary works, can only damage them. So one side of the argument goes. Or, rather, that's how the argument went, for in the last several decades we have, at least in its familiar form, exhausted it. If it is now presented to us dressed in political or racial trappings, we are willing to entertain it as a new and exciting visitant.

There was, I am asserting, a parochialism in our culture which made it inhospitable to a Mauriac. There still is. Not long after *Maltaverne* had been favorably reviewed in a number of journals and had been given a front-page review in the *New York Times,* I called major book stores in New York to see if it was available. One after another said no. Smaller bookstores? The same response: "No requests for it. He's an old man, you know." Only Scribner's bookstore reported that they stocked the book.

In the past this parochialism was at least countered by the parochialism of Catholics who insisted on attending to significant European writers *because,* among other reasons, they were Catholic. This often led to confusing rather than clarifying the relation between literature and belief, to an aggressive insistence on the superior merits of authors who "had the truth," and to inky rivers of dreary drivel on "No, not a Catholic novelist, but a novelist who happens to be Catholic." The passing of such gaucheries can evoke no tears. That provincial Catholic impulse did, however, force onto the literary scene and therefore to some degree into our culture a consciousness of writers, values and attitudes that would have received even less attention than they did, without which we would be more provincial than we are.

What did we lose with the passing of Mauriac? When the inevitable reassessment takes place—which in the case of an old man begins even before his death—what will his achievements amount to? *The Kiss of the Leper, Genetrix, The Desert of Love, Thérèse Desqueyroux*—these *récits,* clear as a stream and diamond-hard, are peaks among his books, nearly 100 in number. Almost more intensely than one can bear he has here exposed some of the cruel burdens that one person can impose on another, the tension between the flesh and a special kind of spirituality, the ravages of aging, the dissimulations of love. These artistic achievements I take to be secure, to be able to withstand, as well as any literary production which France has produced in the first half of this century, the waves of fashion and the ravages of time.

But in addition to being the creator of these works Mauriac was one of those persons one can best refer to as a presence. One knew he stood for a certain quantity and could gauge an event better by his reaction to it. He was a Catholic of a clearly defined tradition and a severe style. Never did he try to bend or yield to opposing ideas or trends. He took them full on and dealt with them full force. And it was from within that severe tradition that he evaluated, say, Rimbaud and Baudelaire, praised and embraced them. He was able to deplore the awarding of the Nobel Prize to Gide because of the gospel which he propagated and yet to say that his work is "among the most significant of our time," to write that "his presence in everything he wrote gives a lasting quality to his work." And when he spoke as he frequently did of the *greatness of the human spirit* (those words which Pascal jotted on a scrap of paper from which he never allowed himself to be parted), he chose as an example a philosophical opponent, Jean Paul Sartre:

"What name, for instance, are we to give to that force

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in, say the atheist Sartre, which makes him indifferent to the career of dramatist in which, as in many other fields of activity, he could have reigned supreme, and has flung him into that doubtful battle where he fights alone, not recognized by the party to which he cannot belong though he will not consent to be its enemy. It is the eternal 'neither with, nor without you can I live . . .' which is not merely a matter for the heart to decide, but which determines our relation with God and, in the political struggle, with men."

He was concerned to give justice. To men and to political struggles in which they engaged. It was this which led him to defend many of his fellow artists, to oppose the French interventions in Indochina and Algeria. It is because he was concerned at the deepest level with the "greatness of the human spirit" that he attacked, validly or not, Michel Butor, Nathalie Sarraute, Alain Robbe-Grillet, and the entire concept of the anti-novel. And it was because of such rear-guard reactions that, validly or not, modern writers and critics assigned his literary views and style to the fading past.

There *was* something narrow and old-fashioned about his reactions to modern works and no one expressed that judgment more elegantly than he: "One should no longer be a critic at my age," he wrote in the late '50s, "because the great works of art can no longer be seen as they are. We cannot free them from the sediment left by our lives as the years move on." And, at greater length:

"I am told: 'You really must read it. It's bound to be the next Goncourt prize-winner.' I take it in my hands and weigh it. How thick it is! almost five hundred pages at a rough guess! In order to stimulate my appetite, I ask, as I would have done when I was twenty: 'Is it a love story?' 'No,' comes the answer: 'It is a story about elephants.' I could not have sighed more deeply had love been upon the bill of fare. I open it, read ten lines and shut it again. The truth of the matter is that, faced by one more novel, I catch myself in the act of being quite unable to read."

In spite of such comments, which his hostile critics would readily elaborate, he was still an acute judge. Of Jorge Luis Borges, who is only now being acclaimed in this country, he wrote over ten years ago,

"Such knowledge as I have of the Argentine writer, Jorge Luis Borges, dates only from yesterday, and even today. It is too soon for me to have anything of value to say about him. But what I have read so far has given me a very strange view of the French writers of my generation. What dull-witted bumpkins we almost all of us are! An Ariel like Borges—a rather too knowing Ariel for my taste—who has more than one trick up his sleeve, and whose erudition has an uncomfortable resemblance to the dust we keep for throwing into people's eyes—this species of Kafka who does not take

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Taking Sides: *Mauriac, Polemicist*

The dead are defenseless. This remark by François Mauriac could well be applied to the illustrious French writer himself, who died at the beginning of September at the age of eighty-five.

Not that he needed to be defended from abuse, but rather from the shower of indiscriminate praise that was heaped upon him from all sides and from the unanimous chorus of approval that resounded in the national press at his passing, from the Communist *L'Humanité* to the Conservative *Le Figaro.*

As the satirical weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné* wrote recently of Nasser's death, "He was much greater dead than alive." And so it was with Mauriac. At his state funeral ministers, prelates and academicians vied with each other to out-Mauriac Mauriac, comparing him with Pascal, Racine, Chateaubriand, Balzac, Zola, Claudel, Bernanos . . .

I do not wish to imply that Mauriac is unworthy of such company—on the contrary, he was the last representative of a great Catholic, bourgeois and provincial literary tradition. It was simply somewhat incongruous to see all shades of opinion, whether political, literary or religious, claim the great man, now defenseless, as "one of theirs."

A typical example was an article in *Le Figaro,* by a right-wing politician, entitled "Le premier des nôtres." The Rightists insisted on Mauriac's bourgeois origins and ultra-Gaullist end, conveniently forgetting his vigorous stand over the Spanish Civil War and the independence of Algeria, while the leftists recalled the part he played in the Resistance and his collaboration with left-wing journals in the fifties, glossing over the last thirteen years of the author's life when he transferred his allegiance, and his weekly *Bloc-Notes* (Notebook), from *L'Express* to *Le Figaro Littéraire,* on account of the former's anti-Gaullism.

Mauriac was equally unclassifiable in religious matters. Although as a young man he had reacted strongly against his narrow Jansenist upbringing and had frequented, in the thirties, the avant-garde Dominicans of the publishing house *Le Cerf,* he remained a traditionalist at heart. In spite of his great admiration for John XXIII, towards the end of his life Mauriac bewailed many of the changes in the Roman Catholic Church. He did not take at all kindly to the new Reformation ushered in by the Council, especially the "declergification" of the priest called for by a section of the French clergy. But he was far from being a docile member of the flock. When the occa-

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sion demanded he did not spare churchmen, however highly placed, and both Cardinal Suhard, at the time of the Liberation, and Pius XII had no reason to love Mauriac. As for the liturgical renewal, he described himself as "standing among the ruins of the liturgy."

If Mauriac defies the collector's pin and the neat label, one can say of him that he was above all a moralist—in the literary tradition of the great French and Russian Christian moralists. He measured every-

one against his personal code of values—for him orthodox Christianity—and woe betide those who were found wanting. This is why he fits into no neat pigeonhole. Wielding his pen like a sword, he attacked right and left indiscriminately, in a polemical style worthy of the greatest pamphleteers.

As a Catholic novelist Mauriac claimed the right to tell the whole truth about man—which for him meant depicting his fallen state. He refused to write the adventure stories that were popular in his youth, preferring to describe the hidden passions that inhabit and motivate us. In *Genitrix* he reveals the monstrous egoism that lurks beneath maternal love; in *Le désert de l'amour* he describes a father and son in love with the same woman; in *Thérèse Desqueyroux* we see hate gradually replacing conjugal love in a woman's heart and *Le noeud de vipères* is a study of avarice as the only link between the members of a provincial family. If as *L'Osservatore Romano* remarked, "Mauriac showed the power of the flesh and its apparent incompatibility with love for God, describing the final vanity and despair of passion and even of Christian marriage," one can only say that this vision aroused an echo in his readers, since the last two novels of those mentioned above, assuredly the greatest, have each sold over a million copies.

Mauriac was made to make enemies. When he left the stifling provincial prison of his native Bordeaux for Paris, the target he chose for his first novels was the very society that had nurtured him. He took the reader behind the respectable façade of the bourgeois houses and laid bare the petty passions behind the hypocrisy. As he said himself, "I am a traitor to my class." And his class never forgave him.

But Mauriac soon found other targets for his unerring aim. He discovered politics, and a new collective dimension to his moral judgments. His incursions into journalism, which soon replaced his novels entirely, allowed him greater freedom and the power to develop his critical talent. Many have cringed under Mauriac's deadly attacks, and he himself was aware of the temptation to wound.

In reply to André Gide, for example, who asked why Catholic writers are particularly aggressive, Mauriac wrote in his *Bloc-Notes,* "One reason, perhaps, is that Christ was a violent man, who was not satisfied until he had aroused the Pharisees' fury. But there is a less flattering explanation—namely the indescribable pleasure felt by the writer after he has produced a particularly stinging piece of invective which, no sooner let fly, strikes home quivering amid the admiring cries of the spectators."

Indeed, it is the polemicist of the later years who will live on in the memory of his compatriots—even if the novelist is assured of his place in the Pantheon. It is the man who was prepared to betray his class again and again, whether by siding with the *Résistance* against Pétain, by appealing for mercy for the war criminals at the Liberation against De Gaulle, or by defending the poor and the weak in Indochina, Tunisia, Morocco and Algeria, against the strong colonial regime.

As he declared at the age of fifty when he was at the height of his career, a much-decorated novelist and member of the French Academy, "Up until now I was on my way to heaven, traveling first class." With his decision to dirty his hands by taking sides over the Spanish Civil War, and over every major political event since then, he deliberately chose to leave the comfort and security of his first-class compass—at the risk of losing his way.

No one will pretend that Mauriac was infallible, and many of his fellow-travelers sadly parted company with him towards the end when he mistook De Gaulle for the Messiah. But his greatness lay in his eternal youth and the passion with which he defended the causes he believed in. As he said of his earliest years, "I had no enemies because I didn't care about others." Ever since he began caring enemies came thick and fast. But it was finally his concern that made of him a true Christian and a redoubtable opponent. And the French scene is the poorer for his disappearance. ALAIN WOODROW

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his labyrinth tragically, and would be as pleased as Punch to lose himself, and us, in it—has opened my eyes to the fact that practically the whole lot of us in France have never stopped ruminating the cud of Naturalism."

This passage, which I have quoted elsewhere, is precise and illuminating criticism, the response of a man who remains generously open to new experience.

Yet I do not wish to mummify with undiscriminating praise the literary corpus of Mauriac. Throughout his literary and journalistic life he remained acerbic, angular and human. He wrote, for example, in *Mémoires Intérieures,* from which the two previous quotations were taken, this comment on his long, strong attachment to Paris, renewed each time he returned from Bordeaux:

"I look within myself to see whether, perhaps, a spark remains of that old fire which once burned high whenever I drew near to Paris. How intense a longing then laid hold on me, what soaring hopes, with each October. But no! All I can see at the far end of the great French road, driving onwards between the plane-trees, under the pure blue of the sky, are the pavements of the *quartier* where I live, which the city mongrels foul with such regularity and such abundance, that one might almost think them to be employed by some Public Service to exercise, in the 16th arrondissement of Paris, the privilege which no one would deny belongs to it, of amassing the largest accumulation in the world of dogs' urine and dogs' mess."

At a time when most writers, at least in this country, would have reduced this passage to dog shit, what a pleasure it is to return to a great writer who does otherwise. Yes, it is a return. The world in which Mauriac came to prominence is no more. But that world, we should realize, had great virtues and many of them come to focus in François Mauriac. Some of them, in fact, we lay claim to as our own. Almost half a century ago Mauriac wrote: "Do not then fake reality. To depict man in all his misery is to unmask the abyss opened, in the modern world, by God's absence."

A number of contemporary writers have been intent on showing us how miserable we are, and they have gone noticeably further than Mauriac in depicting certain aspects of our degradation. But Mauriac had a right to say, just as he had a need to argue, that he did not "fake reality." But for him reality included the greatness of the human spirit. He gave weight and dimension to these words. It is one measure of his achievement that we can, in speaking of Mauriac and his work, use these words without embarrassment.

LITURGY AS SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITY

THE LITURGICAL REFORM MAY WELL BE ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL SOURCES OF THE REVOLUTION WHICH IS NOT WITHOUT POLITICAL CONSEQUENCES

JOSEPH BISHOP

In Holy Week of 1969 priests of the Golconda Group in Colombia staged a liturgical celebration of the traditional Good Friday observance of the seven words of Christ on the Cross. The words "I thirst" became "I thirst for justice, for equality, for freedom from want, for education." "Why hast Thou abandoned me?" became a child crying "I'm hungry." Press reports of these ritual enactments caused scandal among the rulers of the people.

In fact preachers have been making these points for centuries to the edification of pious believers in the status quo. It is only in the context of contemporary liturgical reform that they become a scandal to the rulers of the people, perhaps because the rulers of the people sense that the employment of the concrete forms of religious drama and ritual constitutes a more effective form of communication than the abstract moralizing of centuries of preaching in a traditional liturgical setting. Content is in a sense less important than setting and style in redefining human existence. Papal encyclicals, manuals of moral theology and Christian writers have proclaimed the need for justice, and people have nodded approval and gone about their business. This is not to decry or minimize the importance of theory or of abstract formulations. But in the liturgy we are involved in the praxis of the church, and it is here that the danger of real contagion is greatest.

It might well be claimed that traditional liturgical forms have much the same content as "radical" liturgies: it is the same church, the same Gospel that is proclaimed. But traditional liturgies often embodied a praxis that innoculated believers against social change. The simple imagery of the breaking of bread and the sharing of wine became lost in a sacralized other-worldly utopia; few Catholics would really associate "the host" with

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the bread they found on their tables at home. The priest had become a sacred personage, a man possessed of magical power, and this removed his words, and the Gospel itself, from the realm of everyday living. Here more than anywhere else the church defined herself for the majority of the faithful, and this self-definition of Christianity was such as to reinforce the submission of people to the established order of things. Authority in the church and in the world was sacralized to the point where change became unthinkable, and this was more than enough to counteract abstract critiques of injustice and the abuse of authority.

Liturgy is play, a ritual play in which men define themselves with respect to God and other men. Even as children at play define interpersonal relationships and learn to cope with the world at large, so men in their religious ritual establish relationships with one another and orient themselves with respect to basic values. In a sense it is not the real world, but a utopia embodying a basic vision of things as they should be; in another sense it is the most serious of human activities. Modern men can smile at the naiveté of the religious celebrations of primitive peoples just as adults can smile at the play of children. Their condescension merits something of the scorn a child has for the adult who offers to bring hay to the child's broomstick horse; the child is quite aware of the fact that his horse does not eat hay, it is not that kind of horse, and the primitive man is quite aware of the difference between the world of his ritual play and the world of everyday events, although he might not be able to articulate this clearly.

In a sense, for the believer, the ritual world of the liturgy is the world that God has established; our other world, the "real world," is an approximation of this limited by the vicissitudes of everyday existence. The relationship may not be explicit, or able to be articulated by those who live it, but its quality is vitally important in determining personal relationships and values in the "real world" of everyday living. A liturgical utopia which presents an ordered, hierarchical society in which the sacred authority of the priest is unquestioned is quite another thing from a liturgical utopia which embodies the playful enactment of a classless society whose leaders are servants rather than masters. As far as its intellectual content is concerned, this latter image has always been present in the liturgy of the church, as for example in the foot-washing ceremony on Holy Thursday. In fact the style even of this ceremony, embellished with court ritual and the sacrilization of priest and pope, was such that the ordered hierarchical world prevailed over the image of a classless society, and one can hardly imagine a poor man whose feet really needed washing presenting himself in the cathedral on Holy Thursday.

Present-day liturgical reforms, unleashed by the Council, are no more subversive in their intellectual content than the liturgies that preceded them. Nevertheless the style has changed, the interpersonal relationships defined in liturgical celebration are different, and the liturgical reform may well be one of the principal sources of the revolution which is not without political consequences, particularly in traditional Catholic societies such as those of Latin America. The Eucharist itself tends to be desacralized, as is the figure of the priest. God's prototype of the world is redefined, and with it men are freed to redefine the everyday approximation of it. A demythologized authority is no less real, but men define themselves towards it in a very different way, and its importance for the world of everyday events changes as well.

Liturgy is always utopian, but its relevance for the real world depends on the place of this utopia with respect to the world. In many traditional liturgies the utopia embodied was other-worldly to the extent that it lost its relevance and became, in Mannheim's terminology, a counter-utopia, an element of ideology, simply because the utopia was presented as other-worldly, as *something which could not happen now*. This was enhanced by the sacralization of liturgical forms, a tendency that removed them even further from everyday existence even as it placed a taboo on change. It could then be an ideological force for social stabilization even though its abstract content was utopian and in contradiction with the accepted values of a given society. In the Roman communion, language had something to do with it; the use of Latin enhanced the sacralization of liturgical rites and made the contradiction between the Gospel-world of the liturgy and the real world less evident, although this should not be exaggerated, since the other-worldly utopia of vernacular liturgies could be as irrelevant as that of Latin liturgies, and in some cases could go the other way and lose its utopian dimension to the extent that it became completely ideological, i.e., a celebration of the status quo.

The adoption of the vernacular and of new forms of liturgical celebration which are at once utopian and more in communication with the world makes it possible to place the Gospel utopia in real tension with society, particularly as the accent is placed on an inner-worldly utopia rather than an other-worldly utopia. The desacralization of liturgical forms and of the personage of the priest serves to deepen the contradiction. To be sure, the danger exists that this involves simply a secularization of Christianity, an accommodation to the world. In fact it doesn't seem to have worked this way; those communities that have in effect created new liturgies are often the most committed to change both in the world and in the church.

It should not be forgotten that the liturgical utopia calls into question not only the structures of society as a whole, but also many elements of the internal structure of the church, in particular those which in other epochs were assimilated from secular models and have survived

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in the church after these models have disappeared in civil society. This is especially the case with models of ecclesiastical authority patterned after those of absolute monarchs, although the most oppressive patterns in the contemporary church are probably not hierarchical but bureaucratic, and here again liturgical utopias tend to contradict them. This may be one of the saving features of liturgy as play; serious people can hardly play at bureaucracy, although in recent centuries a certain amount of paper work has invaded liturgical practice. It is here, rather than in the attempt to discover more relevant liturgies, that we must see the accommodation to the present world.

The Value of Play

Even with comparatively rigid liturgical structures, a real freedom is possible if these structures can be seen as serious play, yet desacralized to the extent that there be at least an implicit recognition of the playful dimension. Even as they serve to define interpersonal relationships, values, attitudes towards God, men and the world, the structures of liturgical play can have a freeing effect. This is perhaps better understood by Latins, who can on the whole take liturgical play very seriously, but who could seldom, for example, take seriously the idea that missing mass on Sunday could be a mortal sin.

In the latter perspective, liturgical play becomes something that is imposed rather than something that is offered, something that dominates people rather than freeing them, and in so doing destroys the element of play which is fundamental to the liturgy. The same thing is true of a liturgy which is overly sacralized, or for which magical effects are claimed, as in some popular distortions of the *ex opere operato* motif in post-Tridentine Catholicism.

It is often asserted that the present tendency toward secularization and desacralization of the liturgy and of the role of the priest is prejudicial to the transcendent dimension of man's religious commitment. I think not. As in the case of the other-worldly utopia or the supposed transcendence of a Latin liturgy, the opposite danger is more real: instead of a real witness to transcendence, we are faced with a sort of projected immanence, a human structure which is as opaque to mystery as the most banal of inner-worldly utopias or liturgies.

Real transcendence can be w nessed only in dialectic with immanence; in the best of hypotheses, the Latin monastic liturgies succeeded quite well, because Latin really was a second living language for the monks, and absurd and arbitrary rubrics and rules can free people when they are freely accepted as absurd and arbitrary, that is when they are seen as play and not given a sacred or ontological value as a sort of objective measuring standard of human existence. This is our approximation of the world the way God wants it to be; it becomes heretical when we begin to think that God, and not ourselves, has made it.

There is real parallel here in the primitive intuition of the founder of the Dominican Order: the rules of the institution were never to be so construed that their infringement constituted a sin. This has, I think, been distorted by such notions as that of a "merely penal law" and other attempts to reduce these rules from the realm of play to that of ontological determinants, thus making them a means of oppression rather than a means of freedom. The medieval legal prescription obliging Christians to go to church under pain of mortal sin represents just this sort of ontologizing and consequent betrayal of the Gospel as a force to free men from religious alienation, as well as a denial both of real transcendence and of the gratuity of grace, if the redundance may be permitted. By pretending that a rule or a ritual can adequately define the human, rule and ritual are in effect deprived of transcendence and of the gratuitous quality essential to Christianity. The human tendency is to ontologize these structures so that freedom is prejudiced in favor of security, in favor of religion over grace. Mediterranean and Latin cultures, in spite of radical religious conservatism in some areas, seem to have preserved this value more than Northern European cultures; in a sense the virulent anti-clericalism which has been endemic in Latin cultures may well be in part an authentic Christian response to the constant attempts on the part of the clergy to ontologize religion. The people have understood this better than the clergy.

It is perhaps here that the real danger of "relevant" contemporary liturgies lies, rather than in the fact that they reject the imposition of uniform patterns on the post-Tridentine model. They can be taken too seriously, become too "involved" and lose their playful and free-making dimension. This easily becomes a new way of making them ideological rather than utopian, ontological rather than gratuitous, imposing rather than offering a new definition of the human. Paradoxically, it is here that they cease to be subversive and become a new instrument of domestication, a new institutionalization of that which must be gratuitious, a new magic and a source of fear and unfreedom rather than a source of joy and liberation. As a danger, this is as real as the imposition of a hierarchical and sacralized social model in the medieval and post-Tridentine liturgies, although the danger is not always present in concrete instances. Hopefully, it is a danger which is seldom realized, but we should be aware of the fact that the danger exists on the "left" as well as on the "right."

The really subversive dimensions of liturgical reform are often perceived more clearly on the right than on the left or among liberal reformers, even when changes are relatively subtle. Rightist groups in the Church have attacked the restoration of the Cathedral in Cuernavaca, Mexico, as "heretical," when in fact it is soberly done

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and is in a real sense profoundly traditional; there is nothing there that offends against the Constitution on the Liturgy, nothing in fact that contradicts the prescriptions of the Code of Canon Law. But it does redefine liturgical space in such a way that interpersonal relationships in the liturgical celebration are changed. Liberal reformers can often proceed happily to change liturgical structures without realizing that their own place in the church—in the case of clerics—must almost necessarily be radically redefined, even to their own destruction as a power group in the church. The mere fact of desacralizing liturgical forms to make them more relevant will almost inevitably desacralize the figure of the priest and eventually, of all human authority; it is here that liturgical reform becomes most radically subversive.

It is not in the proclaiming of new, even leftist ideologies, that the church frees men for revolution, but in effectively freeing them for revolutionary activity by redefining personal relationships in the community, and by accentuating the playful dimension so that men can be free even in their religious activity. In itself, this is not enough to provoke a revolution, but it can remove one of the principal obstacles to radical change. It should also be obvious that this writer has no objection to leftist political ideologies, but like the old rightist ideologies, if they become sacralized, if they are given a religious value, they can easily become counter-revolutionary.

All this is hardly conducive to security, and as opium peddlers the churches have provided a considerable amount of security. And an obsessive search for security can effectively kill Christianity in one way or another, whether this be the security of absolute personal authority or of group identity. It might be added that the substitution of security for grace constitutes yet another denial of real transcendence. In a religious vision which leaves room for real transcendence, God is the only absolute. Creation is where men are free to play.

MEANEST MAN IN TOWN

THE SCREEN

I was surprised the other day when Charles Dickens was telling me how much he liked the musical movie called *Scrooge* which was based on his much-loved short novel, *A Christmas Carol.* When *I* protested that the music didn't amount to much, he admitted that the score and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse weren't particularly memorable, but, he insisted, the screenplay, also written by Bricusse, was fine. With this I had to agree—after pointing out that most of it was lifted right from the book. And then Charlie replied perhaps that's why he liked the script: most of the words were his.

Charlie should have given the cast some credit too—for putting over the good Dickens lines and for bringing the characters to life so well. Albert Finney is, no doubt, the youngest of the many actors I've seen portraying Scrooge. This does have one advantage however: in the scenes during which the Ghost of Christmas Past conducts Scrooge back into his youth, Finney looks good as a handsome young man. And he also looks appropriately mean and stingy and bitter when made up as the old Scrooge in the present. Finney plays the role well, often hamming it up to the hilt. But most of the movie Scrooges through the years, and there were many, saw fit to exaggerate the role. Certainly the last one (Alistair Sim in 1951) did.

Under Ronald Neame's direction, an excellent cast surrounds Finney as ghosts and characters from Scrooge's past, present and future, all seemingly determined to make the miser mend his ways—or else. Alec Guinness is just right whooping it up as Marley's Ghost. Edith Evans, with her perfect diction, is elegant as the Ghost of Christmas Past. Kenneth More, looking exactly like the John Leech illustration in that first 1843 edition of the *Carol,* is properly jovial and serious, as the Ghost of Christmas Present who wears holly and icicles in his hair. Paddy Stone is so swatched in black robes as the Ghost of Christmas Future that one can hardly tell what he looks like until we discover he is a skeleton.

Among the less-ghastly characters, I particularly liked Laurence Naismith as Mr. Fezziwig and Kay Walsh as his wife, described by Dickens as "one vast substantial smile." Also good are Michael Medwin as Scrooge's nephew, David Collings as Bob Cratchit, Richard Beaumont as his son, Tiny Tim, who is played without any of the usual maudlin sentimentality.

Since most of *Scrooge* is so good (Robert H. Solo's production with those handsome costumes and mid-19th century sets in lovely color photography), I'm sorry that the music isn't better. And I wish that one episode in which Marley's Ghost conducts Scrooge to Hell had been omitted. It's a bit too grim for youngsters—but perhaps its moral serves a purpose (I'm not sure what purpose!). Most of *Scrooge* is on the fun side; and I'm sure any adults who take their kids to it will enjoy it as much as the kids. I understand why Charlie Dickens liked it.

Another old-fashioned musical film (even more old-fashioned than *Scooge*) is *Song of Norway.* It purports to tell the story of the struggle of Edvard Grieg to gain recognition and success. The only good things to be said in favor of the film are its music, most of which stems from Grieg, and its gorgeous scenery, photographed in color in Norway and Denmark. Since Andrew L. Stone wrote and directed *Song,* the movie's faults and pleasures must be credited to him. The bad film-making is his. The music is Grieg's. But only God can make a tree and a mountain and a waterfall. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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BEETHOVEN'S MISSA SOLEMNIS

A Bicentennial Appreciation

RALPH THIBODEAU

IN HIS book, *The Body Has a Head,* Gustav Eckstein speaks of zygotes: "Edmund Baehr complained one day to God, that He should sit up there in the sky with His pailful of the water of genius beside Him, dip in His finger, splash a drop on this one, on that, on a third, get bored, pick up the pail, pour the whole of it over the zygote of Beethoven."

Sometime in the summer of 1818 Beethoven, by then almost completely deaf and well into the last, "metaphysical" period of his creative life, received the news that his friend and patron, Archduke Rudolph von Hapsburg (of the *Archduke Trio*) would be made Archbishop of Olmütz.

Beethoven immediately started work on his *Missa Solemnis* in D major, op. 123, for the consecration. The archduke was consecrated as archbishop on March 20, 1820. Beethoven delivered the completed Mass to his patron on March 19, 1823. Such is the way of genius.

Posterity is the more fortunate that he took his time, and may a kind Providence be blessed for giving him time to finish. Beethoven is the world's greatest musical genius, and the *Missa Solemnis* is our greatest Mass. As we observe the bicentennial of his birth this December, we direct our thoughts to him and to the Mass.

We do not often hear a live performance of the Mass, because of its intrinsic difficulty for the singers. It demands a very large, first-class, energetic choir, especially of sopranos, and four of the best soloists available. So it is always a pleasure to assimilate the majestic sounds, a catharsis for the spirit, reminding one of the shortness of life, the eternal timeliness of art, and the divine unpredictability of genius.

In the almost 150 years since its first performance, the *Missa Solemnis* has been criticized for being too abstract, too symphonic, too hard on the sensibilities of the listener, too dramatic, too operatic, and of course—the final damnation—unliturgical. Especially noxious were the rantings of the Catholic purists who would not allow Beethoven —nor Mozart nor Haydn nor Schubert —a place in the choir loft because of the nature of their Mass settings, which greatly transcend the minimum musical requirements for the celebration of Mass.

Of symphonic unity and development Beethoven is certainly guilty—*O felix culpa,* like the sin of Adam—for it is precisely in the imaginative development of his musical ideas that Beethoven's greatness lies; he could no more abandon this than Shakespeare could abandon his vocabulary and his uncanny reading of human nature. But the Mass is not in the least abstract, and as for its occasional drama, what work of human art can ever hope to equal the drama of the death and resurrection of Christ of which the celebration of Mass is our eternal legacy from Christ Himself?

The fact is that in the *Missa Solemnis* (as well as in his early *Mass in C major*) Beethoven, like his Viennese counterparts, was careful to restrain any penchant toward the operatic or even the overly dramatic, in the interest of a faithful rendering of the Mass-texts. Before writing the Masses, he had careful translations of the Ordinary made from the Latin, in which he was somewhat deficient, into German, to represent faithfully in his music each nuance of the text.

He used his soloists sparingly, and always quickly added the other members of the soli quartet, to prevent ostentatious display of the voice for its own sake. And the greater part of the whole Mass is choral, with several large fugal sections, a reversion to the devotional style of Handel and Bach.

Nor was the Mass unconscionably long in Beethoven's day. It requires an hour and twenty minutes for performance, and thus surpasses all other classical and romantic works. But time is relative, and this is the amount of time Beethoven required for the realization of his work of art: anything else would have been a fraud. And despite its length, it should be heard at the celebration of Mass, for which it was intended. If we neglect it, we are the poorer.

Even traditional liturgists should not argue, for example, with the comparatively short *Kyrie* or *Sanctus,* or even with the *Agnus Dei,* which could, in the old tradition, conceivably continue through the distribution of Communion. It is in the setting of the long texts of the *Gloria* and *Credo,* and in his *Benedictus,* that Beethoven departs most noticeably from the traditional short settings established as early as the Mass of Machaut, and sanctified by Palestrina. Yet every note is necessary to the development of the musical ideas, while at the same time giving faithful expression to the texts.

The Mass begins with a confident

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Kyrie eleison (Lord, have mercy) by the chorus and soli in alternation, reverts to a softer, more lyrical *Christe eleison* (Christ, have mercy), gradually growing to a loud demand, and then returns to a full choral *Kyrie* repeating the thematic material of the opening.

The *Gloria* begins with a triumphant *Gloria in excelsis Deo* (Glory to God in the highest), and then traditionally drops backs to a subdued *Et in terra pax* (and on earth peace). Beethoven continues in this vein, alternating loudly triumphant sections (*Laudamus te*—we praise Thee) with more subdued statements (*Adoramus te*—we adore Thee), mirroring the words in the music. He uses his solo voices to the greatest advantage in the prayerful *Qui tollis* (You who take away the sins of the world) and in the *Suscipe* (Receive our prayer), while the chorus underlines the solo melismas with repeated statements of *Miserere nobis* (have mercy on us). The consciousness of sin and the human need for divine mercy seem to permeate the *Missa Solemnis* like a public confession of Beethoven's and all men's sins. This is particularly noticeable again in the *Agnus Dei,* where the music emphasizes not so much the Lamb of God but the *peccata mundi* (the sins of the world) and again the *miserere*. The *Missa Solemnis* is thus seen as a most appropriate setting of the Ordinary, which has the idea of divine mercy running through it like a *leitmotiv*: *Kyrie eleison* (Lord, have mercy—in Greek); *Miserere nobis* (Lord, have mercy on us—in Latin) twice in the *Gloria*; and *Miserere nobis* twice again in the *Agnus Dei.*

There are many other sections where the expressive possibilities of the full orchestra, organ and chorus are used to best advantage to convey an overwhelming message, with the chorus soaring to almost impossible heights of pitch and power. Such are the *Deus Pater omnipotens* (God, the Father almighty) and the *Tu solus altissimus* (almighty Father), the *Resurrexit* (and He arose on the third day) and the *Ascendit* (He ascended into heaven) of the *Credo*. In the *Ascendit,* the chorus literally ascends melodically, just as it descends in the *Descendit de coelis* (He descended from heaven).

Conversely, the soli and the softened voices of the chorus are often used to convey a sense of the nearness of Christ, our Brother (*Christe eleison*); or of mystery (*et invisibilium*—Maker of all things visible and *invisible*—and *ante omne saecula*—the Son born of the Father *before all ages.*) And in the *Crucifixus* section, we feel in the music, as it becomes lower, softer and more somber, the almost literal descent of Christ into the tomb.

A stroke of pure genius in the *Agnus Dei* leads Beethoven, after his concern with sins of the world and the mercy of God, to begin a pastoral sounding *Dona nobis pacem* (Grant us peace), and then, as we feel the serene ending of the Mass approaching, suddenly to interrupt our thoughts of peace with the drums and trumpets of war—and then resume his final plea for peace.

Another stroke of genius occurs in the *Benedictus*. After a long orchestral introduction (traditionally at the time of the Consecration), the solo violin enters on a G above high C, and leads the orchestra and chorus figuratively down from heaven to the words, "Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord." The *Benedictus* is the most controversial part of the Mass, with the violin solo continuing throughout the whole (about eight minutes), in what amounts to part concerto and part obbligato to the chorus. It is a most impressive spiritual concert at the traditional quiet time of the High Mass after the Consecration, and reminds one of the Pastoral Symphony from the *Messiah*. It is hardly liturgical in any sense, but the Viennese of Beethoven's time were hardly liturgical, by the standards of their time or ours.

Among the educated Catholics, many of whom were Rationalists, of the late 18th and early 19th centuries, it was often considered more important to attend a good concert than to attend Mass on Sunday. Heretical as this fact may have sounded even 10 years ago —or the fact that there is no evidence that Beethoven ever went to Mass—nothing seems to sound heretical in our day. As we search for newer forms of liturgy to express the longing of man for some sort of meaning, perhaps—if we cannot or will not ever sing the *Missa Solemnis* at Mass—we should begin to consider something like Communion Concerts. We could do worse than hear the *Missa Solemnis,* and other works like it, as a preparation for the reception of the Eucharist. And in the process, we might encounter divinity—or at least its pale human reflection in genius.

RALPH THIBODEAU, *a previous contributor, teaches in the Department of Music at Del Mar College, Corpus Christi, Texas.*

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BOOKS

Blacks in pulpits; blacks on campus—the Spirit moves; so do the police

Black Preaching

HENRY H. MITCHELL

Lippincott, $5.50

The Art of the American Folk Preacher

BRUCE A. ROSENBERG

Oxford U. Press, $8.50

RICHARD J. NEUHAUS

The diction is slow and frequently slurred. Newly acquired big words are displayed before they are digested, intended more to impress than to communicate. Substance takes second place to style. Preaching is theater; pulpit and stage are one. The absence of manuscript. and often of preparation, is designed "to give the Spirit room to move." And yes, there is rhythm; a narrative cadence, a ritual meter that turns preaching into chant. This sounds like the stereotype of black preaching in America. Henry Mitchell and Bruce Rosenberg say that it is also a big part of the reality and that it should not be denied.

Mitchell is Professor in Black Church Studies at the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School. He is black and he is angry, but his anger is aimed to heal. Almost caucasian in physical features, Mitchell is the product of the white seminary training which he blames for enticing black preachers to abandon their heritage. There is a note of autobiographical pathos in his argument for the affirmation of blackness. During most of his long church career he held a "sincere concept of myself as a bridge-type person. I had the deep conviction of a man-in-the-middle—the belief that the differences in the faith and practice of the various racial, cultural, and theological groups were largely semantic."

But American racism leaves decreasingly little room for the bridge-type person or the man - in - the - middle. Mitchell chose black, definitively but not fanatically. His is not the conversion that has now become conventional among blacks who have "made it" in white America. He does not damn all white America praises not praise all white America damns. He does not mutilate his past to curry favor with the chauvinists of blackness. He does celebrate the discovery of previously neglected and disdained values in a religious tradition authentically American and authentically Christian.

Mitchell writes, he says, for black seminarians, especially for those training at white-dominated divinity schools. He does not sacrifice the gospel of unity for the fashion of separatism, but he knows that real unity can be established only by mutual respect for diverse tradiions. The effort "is toward the same goal of a raceless church; it will come. But may this harassed Black generation depart in the peace of its own understanding without having to await the far-off consummation of a church integrated through the love of Jesus Christ." I believe Mitchell underestimates himself and his message, however, in saying that the book is only for black students: "It will have little relevance (except as an intellectual curio) for anybody else."

Maybe there is some embarrassment in having a lot of whites listening in while Mitchell instructs blacks on getting their religious thing together, but for the sake of white Christians it is a good thing that the book cannot be restricted to black readership. Mitchell is closer to the truth when he writes, "Our culture will help balance the education of whites for whites, and, in fact, our culture may yet bring integration coming the other way down a two-way street . . . One shouldn't be too surprised if the gospel song and the Soul sermon do to the white churches what Black culture has already done to the white world of entertainment. Black preaching or the Black hermeneutic is, after all, a valid response to the great commission we hold to *all* the world."

Mitchell admits to writing, for the most part, about the best of black preaching. He figures enough is already known about the worst. Yet he does not hesitate to criticize where criticism may be needed. He discusses the know-nothingness and laziness that are sometimes disguised as a religious populism inspired by the Spirit and and untouched by human thought. He is straightforward about the conflict between the life styles of "successful" black preachers and the servant model of New Testament ministry. But these are not the important sections for white readers, except insofar as they disarm those whites who are always complaining the blacks should straighten out their own community before taking on white America.

More important to the white reader is Mitchell's telling of the history of black preaching. It is the story of the sustaining power of the Word of God under unspeakably brutal circumstances. When the saints go marching in, the New England revivalists and the Methodist circuit riders will be joined by a host of black preachers who have come out of the great tribulation of slavery and oppression, leaving to an undeserving America an indigenous witness to the gospel of Christ. But it is not for history alone that *Black Preaching* is a book to value. Mitchell's homiletical appropriation of the black theology espoused by James Cone and others should force German, Irish, and English-Americans to reexamine the theological rationale, if any, of their preaching. In too many white churches preaching is still a pastiche of anecdotes and fund-raising. or a pale remembrance of the literary sophistication of "the great radio pulpits" of 30 years ago. If in such staid churches a listener were ever moved to exclaim his agreement or dissent, the embarrassment of the

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congregation would be equaled only by the alarm of the ushers.

Black preaching is sometimes criticized for its individualistic showmanship. As Mitchell contends, however, black preaching is an intensely communal enterprise. "You say it, preacher!" "Amen." "Alleluia, Jesus!" This is dialogue preaching long before white clergy started planning the polite conversations called dialogue sermons. The congregational engagement that marks black preaching should be kept in mind before criticizing black religion for its individualism or lack of sacramentality. In black preaching at its best, the preacher is very much the "president of the assembly" and the Word is emphatically the bread communally broken and shared. No doubt Joseph Washington, in *Black Religion* (Beacon, 1964), was right in urging a greater liturgical consciousness upon black Christians, but Mitchell better appreciates the liturgical reality, if not the liturgical form, of black workship as it is.

The Art of the American Folk Preacher is a different book, of narrower scope but of equal interest to the *aficionado*. Rosenberg's is not a study in theology, religion or race consciousness, at least not any of these as such. It is a linguistic and literary study, and it is to the author's credit that the book is not so dry as those terms may seem to some. In Rosenberg's field it has been assumed that the art of oral composition and of the oral epic is fast dying. From the times of the Homeric tales and *Beowulf*, generations have been sustained and informed by the singers of oral epics. As late as the 1950's, the Serbo-Croatian *guslars* of Yugoslavia kept the tradition alive, but they were thought to be the last of the line. Not so, says Rosenberg. Many black and some white preachers, notably in the South, are very much alive and singing the stories of their people. They call it preaching by the Spirit.

Rosenberg concentrates on what Mitchell tends to neglect in black preaching: the poetic rhythm for which the most appropriate term is "chanting." He traveled around the South and Southwest making tapes, talking with preachers and trying to understand the dynamics of memory, music, culture and Bible that make the folk preacher. The book includes transcripts of sermons that will rouse any reader who has had the experience that enables him to supply in his own mind the voice tones and gestures that go with the written word. And that brings us to a problem in recommending these two books.

Folk Preacher will be of interest to two types of readers: anyone with a scientific interest in language and oral composition, and anyone with an abiding admiration for black preaching at its best. The Mitchell book may be of more general interest, but I suspect that real appreciation will come only after extensive exposure to the art. The closest most white Christians have been to black preaching was Martin King, and even then they usually heard King addressing predominantly white and northern audiences. In such settings King was inhibited by the knowledge that black rhetoric in the fulness of its glory often seems gross and demagogic to unattuned white liberals. Among those around today whom I have heard and whose art I admire, I recommend William Jones, Sandy Ray, C. Gardner Taylor and Herbert Daughtry of New York City, C. C. Franklin of Detroit, Manuel Scott of Los Angeles, and, the black prince of preachers, Jesse Jackson of Operation Breadbasket in Chicago. But, especially if you are interested in what Rosenberg calls the "chanted sermon," don't overlook the less prestigious preachers in the pentecostal and holiness storefronts in the ghetto next to yours.

The Orangeburg Massacre

JACK NELSON and JACK BASS

World, $7.95

LAWRENCE H. MADARAS

On the evening of Feb. 8, 1968, approximately 15 South Carolina highway patrolmen fired their weapons into a crowd of chanting black students on the campus of South Carolina State College. Thirty students were injured. "Who's laughing now," scoffed an Orangeburg policeman walking past the emergency room of the segregated hospital. Several hours later three students died. As additional patrolmen headed towards the campus one patrolman spoke over the radio: "You should have been here, ol' buddy; got a couple of 'em tonight."

Unlike the students who died last spring on the campuses of Kent State and Jackson State, the three slain South Carolina State blacks were not nationally mourned. It was strictly a local affair. No students from other schools protested the shootings. No administrators closed down their colleges except for the president of South Carolina State.

Fortunately two veteran civil rights reporters have rescued *The Orangeburg*

"BUT HEATH *had yet another outrage in store. The screams had not yet died away when he announced that, yes, he was in fact going to supply some arms to South Africa, would do so, he said, because it was in England's long-range interest to do so. England's what? . . .*"

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Massacre from obscurity. Jack Nelson, a Pulitzer Prize winning investigative reporter for the *Los Angeles Times,* and Jack Bass, an award winning Columbia (South Carolina) Bureau Chief of the *Charlotte Observer,* have written what one reviewer correctly calls "a devastating case history of the misuse of law-enforcement authority and the perversion of justice."

This book is worth reading because Nelson and Bass ask difficult questions and try to answer them. In this limited space, I should like to discuss the main questions. First, what really happened at Orangeburg? Second, why was this incident so inaccurately and poorly reported by most of the press? Third, why did the FBI perform such a sloppy and dishonest investigation of the shootings?

The "official version" tells us that on the evening of Feb. 6 several hundred black students from South Carolina State College were protesting the seggregation policy of the only bowling alley in Orangeburg. After several students were arrested inside the alley, a small-scale riot broke out. Students and police engaged in fistfights, rocks were thrown, store windows were smashed and cars were overturned.

The Governor became fearful of a full-scale riot erupting. Outside agitators from SNCC were preaching "black power" and were stirring up the students. Several hundred state police and national guardsmen were called in to watch the campus.

On the evening of Feb. 8, continues the "official version," a group of students had set fire to an empty house adjacent to the campus. Several shots were fired by students and a patrolman was hit. To protect themselves against the charging mob the police fired into the crowd, resulting in the unfortunate deaths of three students and the wounding of 27 others.

Nelson and Bass see the Orangeburg Massacre somewhat differently. True, the students were protesting in front of a bowling alley that was segregated. But the alley was located only a few blocks from the campus and for years had been a "symbol of resistance" and a legacy of the Old South. Both students and police were probably responsible for the ensuing confrontation in front of the alley, but the students resorted to throwing rocks and other acts of vandalism only after they had learned that policemen had beaten up two female students earlier.

Nelson and Bass also correct the notion that outside agitators led the student protestors. Cleveland Sellers, a genuine student and a SNCC leader, became the scapegoat for the affair. In actuality, however, Sellers was disappointed in the way the students had been reacting. Most students were listening to their own leaders from the student government who were trying to calm the situation on campus.

There is little doubt that Governor McNair overreacted when he called in hundreds of state police and national guardsmen whose rifles were loaded with buckshot. Having turned the campus into an armed fortress the least incident could spark a confrontation. It did.

Nelson and Bass re-enact the horrible shooting in painstaking detail. The book contains a diagram locating the positions of individual policemen and students. Out of the confusion emerge many amazing facts, among them the fact that the students had not fired any weapons at any time. Nor were they charging at the police because several, including one killed, had been shot in the back.

A second question answered by the authors is why the press (bless Agnew's heart) reported the Orangeburg shooting so inaccurately. The Associated Press reported that two students had been killed "during a heavy exchange of gunfire" in which a patrolman had been "struck in the head by a bullet." The AP never bothered to run a correction when it was learned that the students had fired no weapons, except to clarify that the patrolman had been injured by a bannister probably thrown by one of the students. Nelson and Bass have a very logical explanation for such bad reporting by a reputable wire service. In the summer of 1964 the whole nation was appalled when three civil rights workers were killed in Mississippi. But in 1968 what did the deaths of three more blacks mean to a nation which the previous summer had witnessed riots in several hundred of its cities?

Perhaps the most publicized information brought out in this book concerns the role of the FBI at Orangeburg. You may be sure that this case will not be recreated for you by Efrim Zimbalist, Jr., on your favorite Sunday night TV show. Nelson and Bass point out that the Justice Department "incredibly" did not know that the FBI agents had actually witnessed the shootings. Furthermore, Deputy Assistant Attorney General D. Robert Owen claimed that during the investigation by the Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department two agents had lied to him by denying they were on the scene.

Why were the agents reluctant to tell the Justice Department investigators of their presence at the shootings? Bass and Nelson offer two disturbing reasons. First of all, many FBI men had developed an extremely close working relationship with the patrol. Most agents disliked civil rights cases because they often involved accusations against the local officials, many of whom had become their friends. It was no accident that when the Deputy Assistant Attorney-General D. Robert Owen looked for the FBI agent in charge of the Columbia office two days after the slayings, he found him staying in a room at the Holiday Inn in Orangeburg with the top state law enforcement official on the scene at the time of the shooting.

Although the authors don't say so, perhaps the close working relations of the FBI and local officials accounted for the sloppy and superficial investigation made into the Orangeburg slayings. Three months later the Civil Rights division of the Justice Department sent a team to South Carolina and conducted their own drawn-out investigation of the massacre.

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REVIEWERS

PASTOR RICHARD J. NEUHAUS, of the Church of St. John the Evangelist in Brooklyn, is the author, with Peter Berger, of *Movement and Revolution.*

LAWRENCE H. MADARAS taught at Spring Hill College in Mobile, Alabama and one year at a black college in Baltimore.

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A second reason why the agents may have lied about their presence at the Massacre was because they might have been there "on their own initiative, without specific authorization of FBI headquarters in Washington." All three agents were reluctant to comment on this matter in interviews with the authors. The agent in charge of the Columbia office and now a security director for a Seattle bank said, "I don't want to get in a pissing match with the civil rights attorneys." "Nobody asked me if I was on the scene," added another agent.

Implied in the authors' account is the possibility that FBI director J. Edgar Hoover allowed the rivalry between the FBI and the Justice Department to impede a thorough investigation of the case. Hoover never got along with the Attorney Generals in the Kennedy and Johnson administrations. His disagreements with Bobby Kennedy, Nicholas Katzenbach and more recently with "jellyfish" Ramsey Clark have been aired in public. This may explain why the FBI submitted a written report of its investigation to the civil rights division two months after the shooting without mentioning the simple fact that three agents had witnessed the shootings.

This review has not even touched upon the aftermath at Orangeburg. It was a genuine horror show. Most of the nine policemen were subsequently promoted. Both a federal grand jury and a federal court acquitted them of any responsibility for the killings. Since the book went to press, SNCC leader Cleveland Sellers has been convicted by the state of South Carolina on charges of conspiracy to riot. South Carolina State College has dedicated a new $1.4 million health and physical education building to three students who died "in pursuit of human dignity."

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued on page 315)

A. Doyle's suggestion of editorial and publication advisory boards for diocesan newspapers is entirely gratuitious. I fail to see how collegiality, urged by *Commonweal* in practically every other area of the church, would lead to censorship and restriction of freedom in the press sector, as Mr. Deedy says.

More important than any defense of Mr. Doyle is Deedy's special brand of logic. In the present instance he adduces no premises for his conclusion. So one wonders what motivates his opinion. It would seem that Mr. Deedy should give some evidence for his judgment of Mr. Doyle's suggestion rather than merely dismiss it as a threat to journalistic freedom. Otherwise, we have just another example of dubious journalism.

(REV.) HUGH MORLEY, O.F.M., CAP.
The International Catholic
Union of the Press

Errata

On page 261 of our December 4 issue, Mr. Donald R. Cutler was erroneously identified as an editor with *Holt, Rinehart & Winston*. Mr. Cutler is indeed an editor, but with *Harper & Row*, New York. And on page 278 of our December 11 issue, the by-line was inadvertently dropped from Mr. James Critchlow's article on the Life of Solzhenitsyn. Our apologies to both gentlemen.

THE EDITORS

Commonweal welcomes letters on subjects treated in its pages. Letters of not more than 250 or 300 words naturally have a better chance of being published.

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